MILKMAN’S WILL

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INT. ROOM - NIGHT

It is in a complete darkness.

MALE VOICE (OS)
I’ll report you a truth that wasn’t unfolded for 54 years...Today is my father death’s birthday

A man about 54 years old with a Latino look sits on a couch.

MAN
My name is Miguel. Long time ago when I was young my dear father died one year before my birth. He lived on a farm and he was a milkier.

Miguel lights a cigar inhaling the smoke deep with pleasure.

MIGUEL (CON’T)
As a milkier my father began to drink milk all day...Since he was tenth. Then something came up from the milk and said to him a secret...He grew up and continued to drink milk. Milk at the breakfast. Milk at the lunch and milk at dinner! Milk, milk, milk...Oh my god, poor father gets drowned in milk...

He puts the cigar’s ash on a stray on coffee table nearby him

MIGUEL (CON’T)
Since this time my father believed that milk could gives him the eternal life! But he died! No sense at all! (searching inside his coat) He it is... (picking a yellowed paper) It is his will... (reading) He said that if he had a son his son had to invoke his name in order to get him alive again...But his name had to be invoked just with a glass of milk aside and being illuminated by a light of white candle...I confess that I never believed in
it at all since the day I was surfing on the net and I read in a site named SimplyScript that a week challenge with theme Milk had began. So I decided to do what my father asked in his will...

Miguel gets a glass with milk and a white candle.

MIGUEL
(lightning the candle getting concentrated)
HELIO J CORDEIRO!
(intensively and laud)
HELIO J CORDEIRO! HELIO J...

A suddenly a wind blows the candle light! The milk inside the glass starts boiling!
The only light on in the room starts flicking!
The coffee table trembles!

MIGUEL
Oh my god! It is my dear father!
Father?
The couch with Miguel shakes strongly!
Miguel seems to be afraid now!

MIGUEL
Father?! Call to me!
The shake gets strong and strong!

MIGUEL
Fuck! Father please is it you?
Tell me!
The entire room is shaking! The light pops out! The candle light gets off!
Now just a white light coming from the glass that illuminate the place like a lampshade...

MIGUEL
Father...

DEEP VOICE (VO)
Yeah! It is me...Your true father, Miguel! You put me alive again!

The milk splits out the glass and gets transformed in a plasma ugly face and advances FAST against Miguel!

FADE OUT